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Notes. Written in Buckingham's voice, and directed in part at the many Englishmen who celebrated his assassination, this poem is accepted as the work of John Eliot and was printed in his 1658 collection of poems. Some sources (including Eliot's volume) append, as a closing epitaph, "Reader stand still and read loe heere I am".

Yet weere Bidentalls¹ sacred, and the place
Strucken with Thunder was by spetiall grace
Neere after traml'd over; if this blowe
That struck me in my height, and laid me lowe
Came from the hand of heaven lett it suffice
That God requir'd noe other sacrifice.

5

Why doe you bruise a reed, as if your rodd
Could wound mee deeper then the hand of God?
Who² doe you judge mee ere the Judgement day
As if your verdict could Gods Judgments sway?

10

Why are you not contented with my blood?
For hate of mee, why make you Murther good?
Hee that commends the fact doth it againe
And is the greater Murtherer of the twaine
Highe, and revealed Mallice that can'st drawe
Heaven out of hell, and checke Gods proper lawe
Nadab and Abihu that thus accord

15

To offer your strainge fire before the lord
Take heed 'twill burn you,³ 'tis a daingerous thing
Hee that doth blesse a murtherer kills a king.

20

I nowe have past your pikes, and seene my fate,
My princes favour, and the peoples hate
Strong blearey'd hatred, whose repyneing⁴ sight
Feede all on darknes and doth hate that light

Shewes any goodnes in mee. Was I all
 Massa Corrupta,⁵ and Stigmaticall?⁶ 25
 Was I all ill? Yet those that ript me⁷ found
 Some of my vitalls good; some inwards sound.
 I had a hart scorn'd dainger, and a braine
 Beating for honor; life in every vaine 30
 Nor was my liver tainted: but made blood⁸
 That might have serv'd to doe my countrie good
 Had not you lett it out. Nor was my mynd
 Soe fix't on getting as to make me blynd
 And to forgett my Honor, or my Frend 35
 Witnes those now who need noe more depend,
 And those whose merritts I have made and rais'd
 Will find out something more that may be prais'd
 All doe not mourne in jeast, ther's some one eye
 Shedds tears in earnest when it sawe me dye. 40
 And whatsoever their remonstrants⁹ make
 I never lost my selfe but for their sake.
 That God forgive them, for the rest Ile say
 I lov'd the King and realme as well as they.

Source. Bodleian MS Malone 23, pp. 134-35

Other known sources. Eliot 101; Bodleian MS Ashmole 38, p. 142; Bodleian MS Dodsworth 79, fol. 162r; Bodleian MS Eng. Poet. e.14, fol. 15r; Bodleian MS Eng. Poet. e.97, p. 57; Bodleian MS Rawl. Poet. 26, fol. 97r; Bodleian MS Rawl. Poet. 62, fol. 35r; Bodleian MS Rawl. Poet. 153, fol. 9v; BL Add. MS 19268, fol. 32r; BL Add. MS 25707, fol. 160v; BL MS Egerton 2725, fol. 78v; BL MS Harley 6383, fol. 27v; CUL MS Gg.4.13, p. 109; LCRO MS DG 9/2796, p. 7; Beinecke MS Osborn Bagott Papers Chest 1, no. 16

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¹ *Bidentalls*: the Romans considered the spot where lightning had struck—the bidental—to be sacred. The bidentals were consecrated by sacrifice and walled off.

² *who*: probable scribal error; “why” (Eliot).

³ *Nadab and Abihu...’twill burn you*: Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, “offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not. And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord” (Leviticus 10.1-2).

⁴ *repyneing*: i.e. repining; complaining, discontented.

⁵ *Massa Corrupta*: “a corrupt mass”.

⁶ *Stigmaticall*: worthy to be branded; villainous.

⁷ *those that ript me*: Buckingham was disembowelled *post mortem* in Portsmouth to allow for embalming. His heart and innards were buried in St. Peter’s Church, Portsmouth.

⁸ *made blood*: the liver was believed to manufacture the body’s blood.

⁹ *remonstrants*: probably an allusion to the Remonstrance against Buckingham passed in the 1628 Parliament.
